Realm of Fair Women.

FASHIONS, CUSTOMS, THOUGHTS AND MANNERS OF MOD-ERN LADIES.

OARENTS who wish their children to develop well mentally as well as physically during the summer months should do all in their power to encourage an intelligent interest in the out-door world by which they are surrounded. Shut up the school books and lay them on the shelf for a long holiday, and let them turn to the great book of nature which lies open before them for the next three or four months. Allow them to have pets ad libitum, seeing, however, that they are properly cared for and never neglected. Encourage them to have flower and veg-etable gardens. Give them attractive cabinets for their various collections, which they should be taught to arrange. Give prizes for collections of the native flora, the geological specimens of their neighborhood, etc. Children will feel a keen delight in all these things if judicously encouraged.

One of the best ways of exciting a child's interest in out-door things is to start an aquarium, and it is amusing to see how every member of the family from the grandfather to the baby watches its deelopment and notes every new specimen. There is a strange fascination to every one about these uncanny inhabitants of another world, and an aquarium properly started becomes a pleasure to the whole household. If the little naturalists are living by the seashore it would be best to start two, a fresh water and a salt water one. For these any bandy boy can make his own tanks. Broad and shallow ones are better than deep ones, for the reason that the greater the surface exposed to the

The St. Louis Girl's Pocket.

The Man About Town was the only male passenger on the Olive street car the other morning, and the car was comfortably filled. Two well-dressed women got on at Grand avenue. At about Channing avenue the conductor started to collect fares. Two purses were brought forth, and then a simultaneous exclamation, "Why, I baven't a penny." By this time the con-ductor had reached them, and stood awaitductor had reached them, and stood awaiting the fare. Dismay at the disgrace of being put off and of being compelled to walk was visible on both countenances. The man was on the point of risking his reputation and offering to pay for them, when one of the women turned to her companion and said: "Look here, Jennie, you've got some money," "Yes, but—" The passengers grow interested. Was it possible that so ladylike a person would endeavor to beat a poor conductor out of 10 cents? She became very red under the general scrutiny. "Well, if I must, I must, I suppose." Then turning her back on the only male passenger, she extracted a 10-cent piece from an outside pocket sewed on her hosiery. How does the man know? He suspected something of the sort from the fact that she performed the act so quickly, and asked a salesman at one of the big dry goods houses afterwards. "Yes," said he, "you're right. A fad, you know, that will last about two months."—St. Louis Republic.

Three Picnic Cakes.

I will describe three lovely cakes suitable for picnics. Of their keeping quallties I cannot speak, since I never had an pportunity of making the necessary test.
With the whites and yellows of eight eggs make respectively a silver and a gold cake batter. Tint half of the silver batter a beautiful pink. Tint the gold batter a lovely orange, by adding red coloring fluid. Flavor the first with lemon, the other with vanilla. Bake all in shallow pans, so that eack cake will be about one inch thick.

Place the pink cakes together with a pink frosting of more delicate shade, to which almonds blanched and halved should be added. Ornament the frostshould be added. Ornament the frosting over the top of the cake with halved
almonds. For the white cake use white
frosting, adding sliced bananas. Lay the
orange colored cake together with a nice
chocolate frosting, adding chopped English walnuts, using the nuts halved for
decorating the top. This last is a most
tempting cake in appearance.

I trust that these recipes will prove acceptable in themselves, at least to young
housekeepers; but the object of this article
is to share my recently acquired knowl-

is to share my recently acquired knowledge of a delicious frosting. It is easy to make and easy to apply. Into equal measures of thick cream and white of egg stip the proper consistency is reached. If the sugar is of the best quality it will feel like flour when rubbed between the fingers. The cream greatly improves both the the very finest confectioners' sugar flour when rubbed between the lingers. The cream greatly improves both the quality and the flavor of the fresting, but I suspect injures the "keeping quanty" of the cake in two ways. To add checolate, melt it first and stir in very rapidly. Flavor some with lemon and some with vanilla.—Housekeepers' Weekly.

The Summer Girl of 1892.

It is said the summer girl this year will not be a lawn-tennis girl. She will be just a plain croquet girl, as was the summer girl of 30 or more years ago. Her costume is dainty and picturesque, and more feminine than that of the girl with the racket, and she will shield her fair head with a softly-tented parasol, which will enhance rather than endanger her beauty. Mallet and ball are about to knock out racket and net. The spreading, half-drooping leghorn hat of soft texture and creamy tint reasserts its sway over the "outing" hat of felt or the yachting cap of flannel for our garden parties, and the reason is obvious. This is evidently to be a warm summer—who ever knew a presidental summer that wasn't?—and the activity of the sun-beaten tennis court becomes less alluring than the umbrageous croquet grounds. It is easier and pleasanter to arrange a little "accidental" grouping of two in cozy corners of the field and more conducive to harmless inttle flirtation, good for the summer season only. Croquet is eminently a flirtation game, and as such commends itself to the young people. But net. The spreading, half-drooping leghorn commends itself to the young people. But who can biame them? Life is short, and we'll be a long time dead.—Utica Observer.

Sending Flowers by Mail.

Many people send flowers through the mails: it is a pretty sentiment, and often a source of delight to the recipient, especially when the flowers are of a new variety and sent from a long distance by a traveler in token of the places seen and visited. The object of this sketch is to give a few hints as to the best way topack them to insure the certainty of their keep ing fresh and fragrant.

Let us suppose that pansies and lilies of the valley are to be arranged for transportation through the mails. A small paste board box must be procured and lined with cotton wadding moistened with water; over this make a bed of the leaves fringe tree, the sweet-scented shrub some of their answers:

from the lilies, and upon these leaves place the flowers. Much taste may be perfume of bygone summer days, the in some war." The information of this

displayed in the arrangement, and upon opening the box the effect will be quite the same as that of a bouquet.

Cover the stems of the flowers with damp moss in such a way that they will be firmly imbedded, and thus kept fresh for a long time. Before putting the lid upon the box sprinkle the flowers and place a covering of leaves over them.

A friend who received a box of camellias from Georgia reported their arrival in perfect condition. Their stems were laid in freshly cut potato. Some florists wrap oiled paper or tinfoil about the flowers when ail has been done to prevent the escape of moisture. I have received roses packed in their own leaves in perfect condition after several days.

An excellent authority gives the advice to plunge the stems of wilted and dreoping flowers into hot water to about enethird their length, taking care that the blossoms are untouched. This process drives the "sap" back into the flowers, and causes them to revive in a short time, unless already hopelessly faded.

Cut away the withered portion of the stem before putting into coid, salted water, or wet sand, which is better for vases and dishes in which flowers are to be kept, because it will preserve them longer.

Do not gather flowers while the sun is

longer.

Do not gather flowers while the sun is Do not gather flowers while the sun is shining upon them, but choose instead the cariy morning or the hour after the sun has gone down. Avoid pulling or tearing from the plant; cut with sharp scissors or a knife, and in case of varieties having a large stock or stem rub a little dirt over the wound. Always leave as long a stem as possible, not to interfere with other buds or blossoms.—Jenness Miller's Illustrated Monthly.

Alas, He Cannot Find a Wife. Alas, He Cannor ring a wiscome pearl
And her lace is fair to see,
But the homely girl is nearer far
What a nice girl ought to be;
For a pretty gill is proud and vain,
And she frets the heart of man,
And she does what she wants to de,
Because she knows she can;
A. ves! Ah, yes! Because she knows she can.

Oh, I would wed, could I find a girl
Who quite combines the grace
Of a homely maiden's honest heart
With a pretty weman's face.
To win this prize I would search for aye
But, alas, I fear I shan't;
I hough I explore the whole world o'er,
I know full well I can't;
And alack! I know I can't.
—St. Loads Republic,

Ladies' Hats This Summer. Pre-eminent among the ranks of the ummer favorites the sailor hat, with its this season's medifications, stands forth to be adopted by all girls who know the becomingness and durability of this style

Wider in the rim than in former years, it seems the genuine counterpart of the swell chapeau of the festive summer man. The little Alpine affairs are pushing the sailor bat hard for first place, but as they are more trying they will have to be content with the patronage of the round-faced, chubby girls, who adopt this especial style in order to change the moon like character of their countenances.

like character of their countenances.

A sort of betwixt and between hat is a sort of rolling sailor, with a top crown set on over a puff of silk, and trimmed with stiff spikes of flowers or the coque's plumes that are coming into form once more in slender curling rings under the title of Mephisto aigrettes.

Large hats are much worn, and, indeed, no others seem quite in keeping with the dainty gowns the modistes have turned out this season. Leghorn, popular and picturesque ever, always look most charming when bent into fantastic shapes and trimmed with soft fabrics and blooms so natural in appearance we can

shapes and trimmed with soft labrics and blooms so natural in appearance we can almost smell their fragrance.

Large, rough, white straws trimmed with white ribbon and daisies are about the coolest things to look upon that we know of this scorching weather, and the popular red ones loaded with poppies, while becoming, seem positively irritating when the sun's rays turn the payments when the sun's rays turn the pavements into bake ovens, and a crimson drapery makes us perspire just to look at it.

Two Typewriters.

On, here's to one type of the typewriter girl Who comes to the office at ten; Whose bleached Psyche twist terminates in a

curl. Whose thoughts are of marriage and men. She languidly sits in a soft, easy chair, And prays that no business will come; And reads French novels of love and despair, While she busily masticates gum.

And here's to her sister, whose dresses are Who is practical, earnest and bright;
Who honors her work and would never disdain
To labor from morning till night.
The former fair dreamer is not of her sphere,
And is rapidly fading away,
While more of the latter are wanted each year,

For they're in the business to stay.

-Chicago Times,

A Light Step. Anybody can have it who will be at pains to set the foot down right. In that ies all the difference betwixt a thumping, lumping gait and the light tread that makes people call you "velvet-footed." The whole art and mystery lies in a single sentence: Put the ball of the foot down first, throwing the weight upon it, and letting the heel come down to the floor the the hundredth part of a second after. Treading flatfeoted—over all the sole at once—the weight comes with a jar that is about equally destructive to quiet, to grace, and to shoe-leather. By stepping first on the ball, just back of the toes, its cushiony muscles act as a spring and make walking a double pleasure.—New York World

Repose.

The clouds have thrown long golden anchors out To reach the fastnesses among the fulls. That purple rise and hem the one sea in; Upon its agure tablets has the st in the state of the Writ his last message. Birds forget their quest, and hearts their trouble; flowers cease to fade; Fear has been lost and the keen sense of hope Feen dulled a little through what promises. To be the eve of a fulfillment sweet; Sleep draws the curiains of that other land, Then works a charm to baind the vision there; Walle, like a ghost of the departed sun. The mecon steals spirit-like upon the world. And lust as slienty the azure sea. To sliver turns, and the tired earth forgets it ever was, or it must be again,

—Mary A. Mason,

As to the Garden. Where people own country houses and only go to them when the hot weather be gins, it is very hard to get a satisfactory arden unless there is a competent garlener in charge. Still much may be done this month by careful management, and good-sized plants may be transplanted successfully if they are thoroughly watered every day until well rooted. No garden is complete without a specimen of each of the dear old-fashioned shrubs with which we are familiar since our childhood, white and purple lilacs, the syringa, the

lovely flowering almonds and showballs. Who does not remember them one and all with affection? To transplant shrubs at this season, dig a hole about three feet in diameter, fill it with rich loam and set the shrub carefully in the center, treading the soi firmly about it (this last is very important). Every night water the plant well from the rose of a watering pot, letting it soak gently in the earth near the roots, and afterward spray the baves. The water should not be very cold. The best way is to have a hogshead standing with water, so that the water may be of the temperature of the air.—New York Tribune.

A Hot Weather Wish. I wish I were a mountain,
With my head all covered with snow,
While down my corruented back
The glaciers would flow,
—New York Herald.

Graces of the Dance. The high kick, whose first piquant auda-city carried everything before it, is assuming to be the dance. When it becomes a merely muscular exercise it is not dancing merely muscular exercise it is not dancing at all, but gymnastics. It is by no means true that the feet or even the legs are the dance. In the dances of castern nations, the legs are frequently almost motionless, the dancing being done with the body and arms. In Mr. La Farge's studies among the South Sea islanders there are representatives of dances in which the dancers are seated cross-legged on the floor. In Japan the most exquisite rhythm is produced by subtle gestures of the hands, the manipulation of stuffs, and delicate undulations of tion of stuffs, and delicate undulations of the body. At a variety show not long ago a Japanese prestidigitator did his turn, and his tricks, that had all the stamp of beauty and elegance, were not so attract-ive as the use of his arms and hands, which those who saw him remarked, re-

produced the rhythmical charm of dancing. Nothing more quickly responds to rhythm than the properly attuned body, which has a rippling movement, observed even in walking, and that only corsets can obscure. Spanish and Arab dances, from which the Spanish dances are descended, are peculiar dances of the body and arms. The characteristic action of the hips is what gives to Spanish women that car-

riage which has world-wide fame.

Those who have been fortunate enough will appreciate at once this peculiarity of carriage seen in the unique curve of the hips and their swaying inovement, which in the dance ends with a veritable tremor. then suddenly, with a stamp of the heels and clatter of castanets, becomes im-mobile.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Instructing the Daughters.

A few evenings ago a Boston woman journalist, who writes the essays about bookmarks, gluten bread, dress reform corsets and the like for the woman's column of a Boston Sunday paper, read a lecture to a parlor full of Harlem women. Her subject was "How to Bring Up Chil-

One thing that she insisted on was that children should be taught to "do things," to be prepared for emergencies. "For example," said she, "I would teach a child what to do in case of a fainting fit.

say to my girls: " 'Girls, I am not much of a hand at fainting, but if I do take a notion to faint some day when you are about get me some water. Pour it on my head and

face. Cold water, girls, not hot water.
"I'm sure that if the unexpected comes, and I feel in a fainting fit some fire morping, the girls, if they happen to be near, will know what to do, and will do to

promptly."
"May I interrupt you for a moment?"
asked a little brown-haired woman who
looked to be about 50.
"Why, certainly," answered the lec-"Well, what I wished to do," said the

"Well, what I wished to do," said the brown-haired woman, "is to take issue with you on this proposition of yours that it is the proper thing to instruct children what to do to their mothers when they faint. On other points I have nothing to say. Maybe you are right in the general proposition that children should be taught to do things, but as to this matter I wish to utter a warning word, to offer an amendment, so warning word, to offer an amendment, so

warning word, to offer an amendment, so to speak.

"I used to think as you do. I remember as well as can be how I used to tell my girls to do the very thing that you say you told yours to do. I thought as you do, that it would be a shame to have any person who should faint in the presence of my girls go without proper care. So I used to say, 'Remember, girls, to use water. That's the thing when a baby faints.'

"Well, one day some one came to my house and told me that a little boy had been hurt in the next yard. I was almost ill at the time, but just the same I rushed out to the scene. The little chap was badly hurt, and it took me quite a little while to get him in such a way that I could safely leave him. But the time came at last and I started for home.

"When I was within about a rod of my own house I grew dizzy and saw stars and

"When I was within about a rod of my own house I grew dizzy and saw stars and then fell in a heap in the gutter.

"A couple of Irishmen picked me up, each taking an arm, and dragged me to my front steps and laid me out on the piazza. Then they rang the bell, and when my daughter Isabelle came to the door one of them pointed to me and said:

"Good avenin', miss, an' is that yer mother there, lyin' all in a hape, dead fainted away?"

"Isabelle gave one look and then called

"Isabelie gave one look and then called out to her two sisters: 'Quick, girls, ma's fainted.'

ont to her two sisters: Quick, girs, ma's fainted.'

"'After that the deluge.' Yes, that tells the story. Isabelle got the ice-pitcher, Mary a foot tub and Kate a 10-quart pail. I consider it almost a miracle that I'm alive to-day.

"Of course, I'm telling all this from hearsay. I didn't know anything from the time that I fainted until I heard Kate frantically crying out: 'Water! More water! Quick, Isabelle, more water!' and just after that one of the Irishmen saying, 'Be aisy, darlint, or ye'll'be after drownin' yer ould mother!'

"Wet! Well, that doesn't begin to tell the story. I was soaked, and great streams

the story. I was soaked, and great streams of water were running off the piazza and "You did just right, girls,' I said as soon as I could speak. 'You did just what your mother told you to do, but don't do it

again.
"Then I got down on my knees and wrung out my skirts as well as I could, and while I was in that position I could hardly keep myself from saying: 'Oh, Lord, I thank Thee that they didn't call

Lord, I thank Thee that they didn't cail out the fire department.'
"Now, I've taken up lots of your time, but I wished to make an amendment to your proposition. What I would propose is that every mother save her own self from the danger of drowning by saying to her girls when she bids them pour water on 'fainters,' 'Be saue, my dears, to try the remedy for the first time on somebody else than your own dear manuna.'

The Glorious Fourth, A writer in the Minnlapolis Tribune has been sounding some of the local newsboys

as to their views on the origin and significance of the Fourth of July. Here are

boy stopped at this point, and he was un-

able to say what war it was or who George was.

"Washington discovered America bout a hundred years ago on the Fourth of July, and that's the reason why we shoot firecrackers."

"The Fourth of July is to have fireworks and have a good time."

"There was a war once and the Americans beat. They have firecrackers because they sound like war."

"The Fourth of July is the day that the Americans moved into the United States."

"They have a good time on the Fourth

of July because the shops all shut up and nobody works." "Gen. Grant fought the battle of Bunker

Hill on the Fourth of July." "We shoots firecrackers on the Fourth 'cause the p'lecce lets us. and there's almost always a circus in town."

A Sure Sign. George-What's that? You don't call egularly on Miss Sweetie any more. Has

Sack (sadly)-Didn't propose. No use

George—Sure?

Jack—Sure as shooting. One night I pretended to admire one of her rings, and hitched up a trifle closer to examine it more closely, you know.

George (reflectively)—Y-e-s, I know.

Jack—Well, she took it off and handed it to me.

A Truthful Man.

He mistook her for his sister; In the darkened hall he klased her; He implanted sixteen klases on her darling bob-bling head.

When she exclaimed "My goodness;" He explained his seeming rudeness; He mistook her for his sister, or, at least, that's what he said.

-Buffalo Inquirer.

THE SHOWER Fall gentle rain, in blessed, brimming drops; Cool with thy kiss the city's burning streets; Moisten the meadows where the hot sun

beats, and fall refreshing on the thirsty crops. The warm wind for thy cordial greeting stops; The panting flock a mercy welcome bleats; The famished fields unfold a thousand sweets The grass bends dimpling on the mountain tops.

Fall, gentle rain, while the rejoicing land Sinlies thankful where each radiant gem ap Pears; Fall like a benediction from His hand. Who makes the storm and sunlight of the

who sends thee to make glad the living, and
To mourn the dead that know no love of
tears. -Frank L. Stanton ..

The Arabian Horse's Pedigree. H. C. Merwin, who has written some interesting papers for the Atlanta Monthly about horses, has in the July number paper on "Arabian Horses." Speaking o Speaking of their pedigrees, he says: "The Arabs have no written pedigrees;

it is all an affair of memory and notoriety in the tribe. Certain alleged pedigrees of A rabian horses, couched in romantic language and represented as carried in a small bag hung by a cord around the animal's neck, have been published, but these are forgeries, gotten up probably by horse dealers, Egyptian, Syrian or Persian. The breeding of every horse is a matter of common knowledge, and it would be impossible for his owner to fabricate a pedigree so as to deceive the natives, even if he were so inclined. Bedouins, it seems necessary to admit are in general great liars, and they will lie (to a stranger) about the age, the qualities or the ownership of a horse, but they will not lie about his pedigree, even when they on this subject is almost a matter of religion, certainly a point of honor, in the run, and what was the origin of the Arabian horse? These questions it is im-possible to answer definitely. The Bedou-ins themselves believe that Allah created the equine genus on their soil. "The root or the spring of the borse is," they say,
"in the land of the Arab." This pious belief is shared by a few generous souls in England and America, a small but devoted band who gallantly defend the cause of the Arabian horse against his only rival, the modern Eng among these faithful was the late Major R. D. Upton, who visited the desert himself and who has recorded his experiences and his views. Major Upton concluded later than about 100 years after the deluge, * * if, indeed, he did not find his way there immediately after the exodus from the ark, which is by no means improbable," and this probability the author then proceeds seriously to consider. According to Major Upton and a few kindred spirits, all other breeds are mongrels, and the only way to obtain horseflesh in its best and purest form is to go back to the fountain head, to the horse of the desert.

"So that fellow is a Knight of Labor! Seems rather a misnomer, for whereve he goes he prevents men from laboring. "To be sure. Doesn't the good book say, When the knight cometh no man can work?" "-Boston Transcript.

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two boxes of Ayer's Pills.".— Emma Keyes, Hubbardston, Mass. "For the cure of headache, Ayer's Cathartie Pills are the most efficient medicine I ever used."-Robert K. James, Dorchester, Mass.

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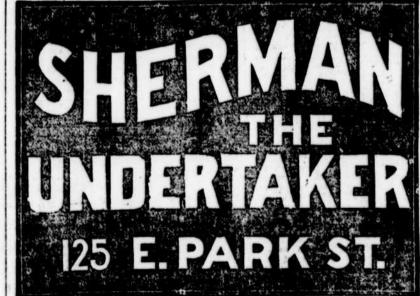
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